*A Bacchanal.**

Who shall be first, to mark
  Eyes in the rock that spy,
Eyes in the pine-tree dark
—
  Is it his mother ?—and
cry :
[w] Lo, what is this that
comes,
  Haunting, troubling still,
Even in our heights, our
homes,
  The wild Maids of the
Hill.*
What flesh bare this child ?
  Never on woman's breast
Changeling so evil smiled :
  Man is he not, but Beast I
Lion-shape of the wild,
  Gorgon-breed of the
  waste I[w]

*All the Chorus.*

Hither, for doom and deed !
Hither with lifted sword,
Justice, Wrath of the Lord,
Come in our visible need 1
Smite till the throat shall bleed,
Smite till the heart shall bleed,
Him the tyrannous, lawless,
Godless, Echlori's earth-
born seed I

*Other Maidens.*

Tyrannously hath he trod ;
  Marched him, in Law's
despite,
Against thy Light, O God,
  Yea, and thy Mother's
Light 5
Girded him, falsely bold,
Blinded in craft, to quell
And by maid's violence hold
Tilings unconquerable*